THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1063.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Song of the Little Bird.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Night's glorious hail ennobled, and the sun
Was parading with the dawn of day,
When first its nineteen lights returned
A holy monk arose to pray.—
He left his cell and went to seek
The convent garden's solitude,
Where many a leaf upon whose cheek
The dew-drop's sweetness still had stood,
Seemed with its petulance inclined,—
And there he cannot weep up
With incense from the lily's cup.
While thus he breathed his fervent prayer
Forth on the morning's balmy air—
A little bird alighted near,
And sang a song so sweet and clear—
The holy man rose from his knees,
To listen to its melodies.
Strange magic charms were in that lay—
All earthly music far distanced,
And when the bird had flown away
And round in a distant grove
The Brother turned and followed too
In hopes the strain it would renew.
He came and found the bird had gone,
But clearly heard the distant lay
And followed on its every way—
Till from the convent far away
There rather seemed to be
The holy Brother followed still—
At last the wild's charming eyes
That on the green grass vainly played,
Reminded him how far away
He from his convent home had strayed,
And when to seek it he returned,
The memories of that evening lay
Yet in his inmost spirit burned.
And chained him in his weary way—
Until at last before his eyes
He saw the convent walls arise
But now, all strangely altered seemed—
The grand cantlered walls around
He left the one was darkly dimmed
Or stood upon architected ground.
The very flowers that blossomed there—
The garden where he knelt to pray—
An altered look now seemed to wear.
Or so all was standing dim decay
While those of many all around
With looks bewildered and amazed,
He saw a monk—a stranger
And sought of him the cause to know—
Brother, what do the changes mean
Since many we counted—but now are unseen?
"What moment thou, Brother, by a change
To me and mine entered still the same?
The looks are worn, thy countless strange.
Without one face—one friend to name?
Although our father's scene by thee,
Is stranger yet than strange to me."
The holy man soon told his tale—
How listening to the bird's sweet lay
He followed over hill and dale—
Even morning to the close of day
While yet he spoke, the monk amazed,
With earnest eyes upon him gazed,
And told him that for many a year
A glorious ordinance from on high
Across the Brother's forehead broke,
While heavenly grace his spirit woke—
"Behold ye Brother, that sweet bird
Whose song ye used to worship heard,
Hath been an angel, God hath sent,
To cheer you earthly banishment—
Which time I believed many a day
Which seemed short, he hath to me—
Till fifty-hath twenty years away,
And now my earthly course is run
The God of heaven be ever done
Who thus hath called me to his rest
Hath in a shadow'd Heaven found me well,
Become my new departing soul.
Then kneeling down with streaming head
The dying monk his sins confessed,
And when he had received the sign
And thus he entered into rest

Frankford, Pa. F. L. L.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Valley of She Sheen.

A Story in Eight Letters.

BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

LETTER 1ST. TANNERSBURG, 1837.

I know that our dear Sarah's little heart is aching, long before this, with the several kind-hearted letter I have written her. I therefore hasten to give you the earliest relief. Tell my sister old Gabriel that when I commenced affair which I am to start explosive from college, and drew upon my head his unmerited wrath, shall I remember to the latest hour that I ever own fingers of truth, and my honor made clear as the noon day, then I will return and cross his blessing, and not till then.

Say to mother that though she is apparently only the matter of her husband's fate, and the echo of his sentiments, still I will believe that her heart cherishes a belief of an innocence, for which I fervently bless her.

You, dear Sarah, with an indulgence of kind and generosity of spirit for above the world and its gravelling opinions, have never boldly espoused my cause. May God reward you, for it seems thank you.

I am many, many miles from you, in the vast solitude of civilization, even among the sublime and picturesque images of the Alleghenies. I find boundless delight in rambling among the wild and dark forests and valleys, and scaling from the summits of the hills the magnificent scenery where Nature opens in inviolate sanctity and loveliness. I can sense myself until within my heart a thrill how a state of sensibility can sit down here for life, disowning an amiable woman and young family to such utter seclusion from all society, so luxurious, and every delightful circle of civilized community is beyond my conception. And yet my host, for I am domiciled, is a man of high and general intelligence, and his wife a lady in every sense of the word. Yet they seem contented and happy, and their children are well educated, and seem to have the best and most happiness of fashion ever way companionable for the most refined society. Never was there a more beautiful situation than this. We find it home for his residence. It is a fine swell on the bosom of a mountain, ornamented up with extensive grounds of cultivated community in such valleys where the bright watery sleep in bowers of such blossoms and fruitful vines, as if charmed to repose on the countless valleys of Eden. Such is the valley of Sheen. Then the bright hills, clothed with every variety of shrub and tree, for to variegated relief to the stern and lofty mountains that shut in the valley. And that I can look feathered curtains, and your planted summits, since nobody Native has feared to Liberty, and on which her mighty hand has his bleeding victims.

If you, dear sister, could be transported from the parsonage street with its impertinent walks of monotonous buildings, to the spot which I now occupy, your very soul would go forth in wonder and admiration.

I must conclude, for another cause. I can with a moment to dinner. He is a beautiful boy of fifteen. Mr. Webb's only son. But his sister Louise now rarely accustomed, in the most lovely and elegant creature on earth, and quite unaided and cannot tempered as the angels in Heaven. Oh! if you could hear her sing, and see her smile.

Farewell—

G. MAXFIELD.

LETTER 2D. TANN. JUNE 10TH, 1837.

And so my fine fair sister! you would really interpose your hand between my beloved heart, and the pure balm of affection. I wonder at your judgment more than at my father's pride. Tell him, however, that since his anger continued with other inscrutable scourge shore me to the wilds, I shall myself discard from his authority as I am an outcast from society, and free to marry a beautiful spirit and join the Cherokees whose council fires I have seen glimmering in the distance. But never fear for Louise, she was affianced before I saw her in a sea of her own native mountains, a far handsomer man than the brother of whom you see so jested. Robert M. Call is a noble fellow, although he can barely read his bible, and write his name. Mrs. Webb claimed to me the other day that she regretted to give her daughter to an uneducated man, when Mr. Webb replied for Isabel: Robert is a man of nature's own gift, which I do not lack the impress of a federal coin, is also without the alloy of current money. And in my conversation with Robert I feel the smile a great one. I shall go out with him to-morrow on a hunting excursion among the mountains where I may possibly meet with a romantic adventure, or a pretty young squaw.

Tell mother that I do long to hear her kind voice again, and believe me when I assure you, that I have never seen a young creature half so dear to my affections as my own sweet sister Sarah.

G. MAXFIELD.

LETTER 3D. TANN. MAY 30, 1837.

Now, sis, if you have not two hours leisure, close this letter and let it by until you have, for I shall now make ample amends for my long silence. I will compliant so latterly, and also tell you a marvellous tale. in solving the mysteries of which you may employ all your imagination. I, however, aware you, that what I am going to relate is literally and entirely true.

Robert and I took our departure the day appointed, and arrived at Mr. Webb's again on last Friday, having been out six weeks, during which time we traversed mountains, plains, and valleys. Oh! I had but one little space for description; but then I would not attempt it, for no language could paint worthily the sublimity and loveliness that burst upon the mind in the midst of the changing and passing several days at various picturesque points, we encamped for camp, and cooked on a wild and rocky height, strange and magnificent in feature and production. It seemed a mass of enormous rocks thrown together without design or regularity, whereon the gray and red turtle lies piled with lone stones of every variety, and every crevice gave resting place to beautiful blossoms, from the lofty cedar trees. The rain came in torrents of lizard and green ivy; and here and there in the highest peaks a green pine waved its dark plumes to the winds that came to its bosom as to a green resting place in the desert space. The day was unseasonably still, yet here and there a current seemed to be stirring, ocean, when the winds moving the billows are fitful and strong. Thus, remarked Robert is no natural place. The Indians call it the Valley of Mountains, and it is strange in concerning it, and the wonders that have been witnessed upon it. If you are not alized we will strange; here and remain some days, perhaps something remarkable may happen to interest us. Oh with all my heart I answered, let us seek a place for our tent. Suddenly we came to a dusty precipice separating two mountains almost perpendicular, and beneath it lay an enchanting if not an enchanted valley. It might years before the eye of man, surrounded by steep rocky steps on every side except the west where it narrowed to a deep craggy recess, between two short rocky walls of immense stone rocks. A large field peep lay in the eastern part of the valley, and its outlet passed off through that, west. This valley, said Robert at length, must be the ancient bed of some mountain lake, which escaped when some earthquake or volcano burst its bounds, or the waters of it constraint yonder, and now I know, the meaning of the meditation is encouraged by waters rushing and tumbling in this mighty channel, and I believe you have so united to his philosophy, while our spirit was wrapped in the flood of awful beauty that surrounded me. Description is utterly powerless to paint a true semblance of the magnificent scene. It is the valley of She Sheen and of the blessed hanging gardens of which I spoke to now with his people in the Spirit Land say that there is among these heights a beautiful valley like the valley of the blessed hanging gardens of which I spoke to you, and the fruits never come, where the flowers are not of earth, and the fruits are nothing and delicious, and where She Sheen, with her white bosom, is mother of them all. Surely, and who is, or was She Sheen? I asked silently.

Sarah has told us, he replied, that she was the most beautiful and pure of earthly creatures, and that she died a victim to the cruelty of her father and her maiden vows. But a powerful chief of another tribe saw her, and by valuable presents, and treaties of eternal amity persuaded the stern father to give her to him. She fled followed by his pet fawn to the Spirit Mountain, hoping that her lover would follow her there. But he on the third day she now a majestic warrior approaching. She stood on a mighty cliff above a valley or mountain lake, and the fawn beside her. She advanced, and her heart bounded with delight; for he was the robe that she had embroidered for her heart. He came near. It was her lover, and he was not alone. He had escaped with her spear, and he wore the robe that had been her gift. She stood on the cliff above him, and he looked upward, and sprang like a wounded doe from the sheer rock. Her fawn bounded after her and Ottawah looking down, saw the young chief mangled and dead. He died soon. He fled away a fateful maniac. But there grew up to wrap the innocent victim a mass of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers that ever bloomed on earth, while grass purple and white, and attended by her enemy fawn dwells forever in the bloomy bowers. And she is safe there, for certain declarations of the mysterious hunter who dares attempt to invade her jurisdiction.

"It is strange legend, I sentenced. It is to be replied Robert, I have heard the tale, I fair believe it. But the trees and flowers are such as I never looked on till now. Peering down upon them from the cliff above, and the sloped sides of mountains covered with flowers, I could distinguish the myrtle and the cedar, and down here for life, donning an amiable woman and young family to such utter seclusion from all society, so luxurious, and every delightful circle of civilized community is beyond my conception. And yet my host, for I am domiciled, is a man of high and general intelligence, and his wife a lady in every sense of the word. Yet they seem contented and happy, and their children are well educated, and seem to have the best and most happiness of fashion ever way companionable for the most refined society. Never was there a more beautiful situation than this. We find it home for his residence. It is a fine swell on the bosom of a mountain, ornamented up with extensive grounds of cultivated community in such valleys where the bright watery sleep in bowers of such blossoms and fruitful vines, as if charmed to repose on the countless valleys of Eden. Such is the valley of Sheen. Then the bright hills, clothed with every variety of shrub and tree, for to variegated relief to the stern and lofty mountains that shut in the valley. And that I can look feathered curtains, and your planted summits, since nobody Native has feared to Liberty, and on which her mighty hand has his bleeding victims.

If you, dear sister, could be transported from the parsonage street with its impertinent walks of monotonous buildings, to the spot which I now occupy, your very soul would go forth in wonder and admiration.

I must conclude, for another cause. I can with a moment to dinner. He is a beautiful boy of fifteen. Mr. Webb's only son. But his sister Louise now rarely accustomed, in the most lovely and elegant creature on earth, and quite unaided and cannot tempered as the angels in Heaven. Oh! if you could hear her sing, and see her smile.

Farewell—

G. MAXFIELD.

LETTER 5TH. TANN. MAY 28TH, 1837.

DEAR SIR.—Without compliment or inquiry then I commence my letter, and then subjoin a brief and vague-ish sport of ludicrous conjecture ought to suffer yet while under the influence of the delightful sensations of the copper hue?" You will repent that, my lady, if there is power in loveliness. But I must finish my narrative. We marched down into the valley in the west, there was no foot-print, no trace of human habitation, and the clear cold lake seemed fathomless. We sat beneath the cedars, and among the myrtle trees, and watched the approach of night. Oh! how remarkably beautiful the purple tapestry of the sky was waving about! The eastern mountain tops, and streaming over that little secluded world, till as the darkness stilled around us, a solemnity and sublimity came over us, and long ere we found the shadows grew up and wrapped it up in their bosom. I had dreamed that the night in that spot must be blackness, but it was not. It was a mellow gloom, and as night advanced, the glare of the half moon became considerable. The stars appeared much larger and brighter than before, and hung over us in a manner indescribable splendor. Morning came with a gush of delicious fragrance from the flowers, and the birds of the valley, then entrancing it filled the valley, while rock answered to rock, rebounding every lofty tone, and repeating every dying cadence with a full and clear echo. The sun at length arose without the power to move, but rising at length I crept from my lower and gazed around. There still stood! The entrancing scenery, under a new encumbered myrtle, for white robes flittering to the wind, and I thought that I saw the dark locks of the fawn before. I could not distinguish her features, but I felt that she was for us the morning lily. She saw us, and bounded gracefully over the valley, and stood at our side at my breast. I fell on my knees, and extended my hands imploringly. She gazed a moment, dropped her head, and bounded. Beside it gave a glance of ineffable to the arm of old Indian Spear. "By heaven!" cried Robert, "I will believe my self believe my self!" The old man beckoned us toward him. "Shall we go?" asked Robert, but I was already halfway, so eager was my desire to know the truth. He led us to the cliff where she fled. She stared her eyes to her companion. Oh! how beautiful she appeared with her dark gold vest, tuft with the purple flowers, and her fawn at her side! She called to us in broken English. "Come into my dwelling, she said, I have much to say, and I can all and feel." "Ah! we thought you were long ago with your people," said Robert. "Yes," he replied, "I ceased it to be so when I found that I was not with them."

We approached the stern rock where it was clothed with flowering evergreen, and its base clustered with the richest flowers. Suddenly the feathers, the white form of the fawn, and the dark locks of She Sheen, and the beautiful face of the Indian Spear. Robert, replying to my glance of surprised inquiry. The second was repeated, and now we saw on a cliff beyond the ravine in the light of the cloudless moon a deer white as a snow drift. He was so near that we could see his large dark eyes, and round the branches of his silvery horns. While I gazed in admiration Robert was taking aim with his rifle. Suddenly the sharp report leaped forth, and awoke ten thousand echoes. The deer sprang into the ravine, and presently threw across a precipice ery, followed by wild weeping. Oh Robert! I cried, it was She Sheen's white deer. Do you not hear her weeping? He stood hearing on his gun, and his face was pale to death. I would give worlds that I had not done it, he said with a well accent, and we sat down and listened to the weeper. The echo came painfully on the ear, mingled with incoherent words, until at length they seemed to come from the cedars on the opposite side of the valley. We did not look for the deer that night, but cast to our cabin; and when at length I slept, saw Robert in a dream, and another and angel spirits. Robert awoke me with a call to breakfast. Daylight had dissipated his horrors, and after we had dispatched our cup would come, he cried, we must go and look for our venison. We scrambled through the ravine, and climbed the cliff of a white man's manner, and a fair child called her mother. He fled to the bread rose that brought wealth to the town, and thought to mingle his speak with the incoming waters. But when he had come and whispered that the white deer was his own; that her mother was a spirit, and his own father expired, the rocks of the Great Spirit dwelt in living melody. And when did ever a dove prefer a stranger to the mate that was fostered in the nest with love? He haunted her footsteps. One evening she walked beside the river and he saw her weep. He sprang forward and knelt at her feet; she would have a death stroke, but he caught her hand, and besought her to be calm. He told her his love, and she listened. He told her his name, and she knew that he was a Chief of the Cherokees. In his boyhood his heart grew to a white child, with some of his tribe had stolen from her people. Her smile was her sun, and her voice the breath of his life. But once when he was silenced from his tribe a company of traders brought her, and took her away. He strove to hear her late like a son of the hearer, but the sun, and the wind, and the soft dew came in vain to his appeal, it languished everlastingly. He had no longer an eye for the deer or a look for the chase, and his band was powerless upon the bow-string. He fled from his people and his native forests, he sought the town of the whites, he learned their language and their arts, and sought the white flower through the whole wide land, till his heart grew faint, and his cheek was blanched with trees. At length he found her. She was mistress of a white man's mansion, and a fair child called her mother. He fled to the bread rose that brought wealth to the town, and thought to mingle his speak with the incoming waters. But when he had come and whispered that the white flower

the her mother. She was at her side, and guiding with fully and kindly spot, her, our two selves had remained whispering in the woods.

"Excuse me this first and only prayer, dear, dear mother!" said Undine—"and forever I release you from the charge of your most miserable child!"

"What would you, my child?"

"Quote Ave Aloe! I—yes! but wait——" and her eyes flashed and her whole form seemed to dilate with unnatural excitement—"wait till he calls her in his heart, as he truly has me so often—and knows her—left and faces—as he has himself—as I have many times seen him—and then smile him, mother—let him wither in her arms, like a frail viper, until they shall both sink in base, earthly corruption together. Mother! mother! grant me this, as you love your child!"

On went the marriage feast—and never had Rhine's blue waters wafted gayer notes or wilder revelry than echoed from the old baronial castle, where our young knight was married. The sunshine of summer shed itself mantled in his haven on the altar of worldly pride and unrealled duty.

But when the feast was over, and the bride was led blushing to her chamber, a strange thrill shot through the bosom of the knight as he stood in the hollow and the utmost staggered into the room. The bride, flight stood at his convulsive motions, ran and put her naked arms about him, and he instinctively recoiled back upon her bosom—when suddenly a mortic burst of thunder shook the castle to its foundation, and the face of the knight became livid and ghastly. Forth, even as Undine had prayed, he withered away ghastly in his bride's arms, and they left her shrieking to the earth.

The morrow rose over the and bountiful over the all ivy covered castle—but there were mourning and lamentation that surrounded—and when the sun had passed across the sighing forest tops in evening, there by the young and noble knight to his peaceful home, and laid him to rest among the bowers of the grave. Whereupon all had departed with sorrowful footsteps from the spot, and the venerable moon came with her bright locks ceaselessly clad in gauzy clouds, to meet her love on high hill, she looked upon the celestial form of Undine, kneeling in sorrow and repentance at her lover's grave by the dew and the star-light mingling together, dissolved her frail and beautiful outline, until it rained with the invisible odors that pervaded the air. Whereupon on the next day there was bubbling a bright spring at the knight's head, the waters of which, diverging into two graceful channels, clasped like two loving arms the form of him Undine had so fatally loved.

And now then beautiful spot, farewell forever! In thy companionship have we found solace from the weight of mortality's burthen—and while sympathizing with the enduring and yet faithful, have learned to feel that to preserve an immortal nature, it is necessary to forget that we have mortal passions.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we are left unnecessarily in debt by their absence. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together and see who shall first rise to the race. *We shall continue to cause a splendid paper.*

Travelling Agents.

Wm. A. Porter, authorized to collect for James Peters, Pennsylvania.

J. Lee, Maryland and Delaware.

Henry H. Lewis, Alabama and Tennessee.

Israel E. James, general travelling agent for the Southern States and Tennessee, assisted by Jas. H. Whipple, O. H. P. Stere, Benjamin Gardiner and Chas. W. James.

Thos Severn, New York.

J. F. Eastes, Illinois and Missouri.

John H. Allen, is authorized as a general travelling agent to obtain new subscribers for the Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent. C. W. James, in Western Collections. Mr. James' office and residence, is on Harrison street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, via I. E. Tucker, Esq. resigned.

☞ John A. Hull, Esq. late of Warren, Pa., will act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, at Jamestown, Chatauque, county, N. Y.

☞ Mr. James M. Davis of this city is a regular agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

Laws and Manners.

A late French writer divides manners into natural, religious, political, national, public and private to which he says other divisions might still be added. In general, the word manners imports a habit, and is used sometimes in a wider sense when it means the habit and customs, either of a nation or of an individual or sometimes it is understood in a more restricted sense, when it expresses merely a degree of neatness.

The first object of contemplation in the manners of a people is their morality. To abrogate that, and thus to fix the happiness of nations on a more solid basis is the first problem in the inquiry of the natural influence mutations between manners and laws. To this object our whole work should tend in all its parts.

To display, in full evidence, the profound and mysterious influence of manners on the laws, and to deduce the important necessity, that the former should be good, —in order that the latter may be good in itself, should be duty of legislature—to encroll the moral wants and the high destinies of man—this is indeed our first duty.

But it is not the least eminent part of legislature, or the chief object of legislation, and in the present inquiry it will be duty to bestow still more attention on material happiness than on moral well-being.

Manners being the result of the free development of a moral being, cannot, as the first view, be belong to a quite different order of things from the laws. The latter are marked out by political or civil authority, have an obligatory force, and the will and natural mind of a man, and often act independent of the motives of homanest and of virtue that every grade ever morality. It would appear, then, that there cannot be any reciprocity of influence between manners and laws. It would seem, that there must be disparity and even a disparity. This, however, is an error. The manners, in spite of their few minute their independent character their extraordinary gradient, depend on numerous circumstances, to which they are modified. They are the effect of a multitude of diminishing causes, and among these causes and circumstances, the laws hold a distinguished rank. The laws frequently enter at once as rules that guide and as limits that bound the manners in their development.

We have spoke only of known laws: but it is well understood that the laws of nature and the divine laws exercise an influence on manners not less profound and, at fact, the most important and powerful ones which prevail over the progress of nations, according to the difference of time, country, and climate, are so many causes that modify manners. Laws, in their turn, viewed by themselves, seem to belong to a quite different order of things from manners. They take little notice of individuals, having in view the whole body of society, and always exercise individual interests to the common good. Notwithstanding this divergence, manners and laws are sentment on the common sense of from which they emanate, and on the supreme authority which sanctions them.

In fact civil and political laws, when thoroughly considered, are merely copies, more or less imperfect, of distinct and natural laws. Human laws are the product of a reason made to direct the will of man; whereas the laws are an emanation of the divine intelligence, which is sublime in its simplicity, glides and stops wherever that consideration is not felt.

Now, these same natural and divine laws of which political and civil laws are only copies, are not the perfect, premier size, nor the manners of nations: and these manners, in their turn, are produced by them and partake of their defects. It follows, that our only rule is, time laws, which constitute morality, and human laws, which constitute legality, should unite and mutually support each other, but also, that manners and laws should be mutually established, in the heart of the individual and in the bosom of the people, that harmony of manners and laws alone which constitute, at once, strength and virtue, and which ought to characterize nations as well as individuals.

It is with these convictions, that we have entered on the inquiry of the influence of manners on laws, and laws on manners.

We admit that there may be a divergency between legality and morality; we know that this divergency often exists; but we think there is neither wisdom, nor strength, nor virtue in their dissension. Care must be taken, however, lest we fall into exaggeration supposing this natural harmony to be more complete than we found it susceptible. Two facts, it is well known, may exist at the same time, and yet, in spite of apparent connection, they may be perfectly independent of each other.

Historians have often been deceived by these appearances, and have attributed to the laws many effects that are to be ascribed to circumstances. In general, the greatest consequences in regard to a subject which remains unknown, are drawn from the most trifling circumstances—and still he exhibits her in his heart, as he truly has me so often—and knows her—left and faces—as he has himself—as I have many times seen him—and then smile him, mother—let him wither in her arms, like a frail viper, until they shall both sink in base, earthly corruption together. Mother! mother! grant me this, as you love your child!"

The "Ugly Walk."

One result of the Centennial Jubilality has for a long time existed between the Philadelphia Exchange Company, and Mr. James Gowen, in relation to the right of the latter to erect a building up the decorated and their grounds. The case came up before the District Court on Saturday last, when a number of witnesses were examined on the part of the plaintiff. The two principal points on which he rested his claim for damages were, 1st, that the Exchange Company had failed to open for public use, all the ground East of his house, which they had previously owned; 2d, that he, in common with the public, had a right to the use of the "ugly walk" and to open a door upon it; and 3d, that the "ugly wall" erected by the Company, obstructing his door, was a nuisance.

The substance of the testimony was thus. The Exchange was begun on the memorial anniversary of the birth of Washington, February 22d, 1832, but was not finished for two or three years afterwards. Part of the land on the East was occupied by the contractor, for the Post office in the lower story, and that office was established there in the year 1833, and has been ever since in the same place, while Mr. Gowan, in describing them in his declaration, calls them "public highways."

A part of the old Eastern party wall of Mr. Gowan's house, which appears to have been a party wall for one hundred and fifty years, was sold to him in 1820, and the face of the wall altered so as to present a circular form. This wall, a part of the old party wall, a marble pillar on each side, the whole being made to harmonize with the architecture of the Exchange. These improvements were made at the cost of the city property, and cost about $3000.

As soon as this improvement was completed, the Exchange Company's contract had a deed wall erected on the old party line, one half being upon the open space, called by the witness "the ugly wall." This wall was erected in 1834, up his door and embodying a portion of the marble pillars at six sides.

It was shown, on the cross-examination of some of the witnesses, that, other the space alluded to had been thrown open, and before Mr. Gowan had the door made in the Eastern wall, the Company erected a room in front of that wall, last constructed with it, for a particular purpose, which was afterwards removed from the witness's premises. The last witness called by the plaintiff, proved that the Exchange Company had sold to him all the materials of which the "ugly wall" was composed, and that, on the side of the Exchange were composed, and that, *if torn down*, he would be entitled to one half of the materials, which he valued at $1 per foot, while his house is composed.

The defendant's counsel now made a motion that the plaintiff be nonsuited, alleging that so far from proving that the open space was a public highway, he even witness had proved that it was not. The District Court has always claimed and exercised authority over it.

That motion was opposed by the plaintiff's counsel, who contended that the Company had the right to open "open space" to the public use, and that they had no right to interfere upon the open space. The ugly wall, they having sold their part of it, among other walls as a dispersion. The judge, however, granted the nonsuit, observing that although private property might devote ground to the public use, in which the public would then have an undoubted right, yet he did not suppose any tenancy in this case to suppose the obligation that the resident had so indicated the space on the Eastern front of Mr. Gowan's house. "Such a question is purely a matter of fact for the decision of the jury; and his honor had I cannot leave such a question to them when there is no evidence of the fact. The Exchange Company declared that a nonsuit be entered, and of the plaintiff's so disposed, he not have that decision reviewed by the court in bank.

The plaintiff's counsel said they should be able to prove on more evidence to the Court then adjourned.

Counsel for the plaintiff, George M. Dallas, G. Mallary and Hellmuth, Esqr. For the defendant, W. M. Meredith and E. K. Price, Esqrs.

Pennsylvania Manufactures.

The manufacturing district under which this State now staggers should, instead of driving us to despair or repudiation, induce us to bring out our latent energies. The number of the unemployed is not large, and that being so much as Pennsylvania if once she is fully aroused to the necessity of becoming more independent—her agricultural resources are enormous—and her people have become a great manufacturing State by her and opinion. Look at Massachusetts. Nearly every town and village with no very great water power, possessed of a population inferior in numbers to our own—and yet what has she not done, and what is she not doing? She never need be told for her. Her gigantic and coal from Boston to Albany puts easy to the blush, and yet Massachusetts never was the favored recipient of nature's bounty. Report upon the wood work can always be made with the most ease. The rabbet will come the first nearly seventy years ago, and the manufacturing spirit there had and the colonies thirty feet high. The greatest difficulty is to secure the ends of the cables firmly in the earth, and to prevent the constant influence of Pulse and Ice.

The architect is Mr. Ellet. The cost of the bridge will be about fifty thousand dollars.

Railroad to New York.

The Legislature of this State will meet in the North American. The complaints against the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company and against the Mail Pilot boat Company, will be renewed. A bill will be introduced for the consonance of the public, the officers of those companies notwithstanding.

"The Railroads between this city and New York, are not conducted as they should be, with reference to the safety of passengers. Not a day passes but we hear of accidental complaints during the last week, of delays and accidents, which the public have no reason to expect. There appears to be no system about the meeting with accidents. Sometimes the cars are crowded, and there is compelled to back out for two or three miles to the next station, which the public have no reason to expect even things into confusion, and passengers are delayed several very long hours—and then, by the breaking of a bar, derangement of the trains or front inside and generation, the passengers are thrown out upon the platform surprised of this bad state of things and apply the remedy.

That the remedy is included in the above paragraph is self evident. Passengers are disgusted with the want of experience, for, having occasion to return from New York on Monday morning, I was one of the room-stowed—started by the night line, but we had arrived at Amboy, and had four o'clock the next morning, making eleven hours. The difficulty was that the Philadelphia train had to wait a locomotive before to clear the road of snow, for the track was to be place impassible to a locomotive and passengers

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—or if paid in advance $1.50 a year at six months.

Postmasters are requested to forward their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" or *frank* is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names on the outside.

Subscribers will not be taken from the Post office unless all arrearages are paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless ordered and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes or current Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are extremely solicited to make quick remittances, whether wholly or in part, as it helps us to make remittances. They also add greatly to our convenience.

Any person sending us Five Dollars, current funds, shall receive a sixth copy, which will be entered to our credit.

Remember most cases of failure in the Post office *remand from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

We present the Message of the President of the United States to our readers without comment, as we see no reason to bar it before them in advance of the official publication. It was delivered at Washington on Tuesday at noon, was on through to Philadelphia by express, and we received our copy by an express on the morning of the day succeeding, arriving as day-light is on the way to subscribers. That is the way to do it.

The Message of the President of the United States will be looked for with interest as it will embody the views of the present cabinet in relation to financial matters. Our readers may expect *it in full*, and we think that the size of our paper, enables us to give public documents to detail without infringing on the limited bounds of variety. Congressional matters this week will be more ample than any other weekly newspaper.

MESSAGE OF JOHN TYLER,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

In coming together fellow-citizens to counsel again upon the discharge of the duties with which the People have entrusted us, it is well that we should assure to the people in the greatest prosperity of the country. We are in the enjoyment of all the blessings which are dear to freemen—liberty, with unexampled means of education, knowledge, and improvement. Through the year which is about drawing to a close, peace has been in our borders, and plenty in your habitations, and although the general health has been visited with disease, it has not been with disease and mortality, yet in general the health of the people has been preserved, and we are called upon by the highest obligations of duty, to renew our thanks and our adoration to our Heavenly Father, for the knowledge vouchsafed to us the eminent blessings which surround us, and which have so signally crowned, year with his goodness. If we find ourselves increasing, beyond example in rapidity, in numbers, wealth, and the means in every thing which promotes human and social happiness, let us humbly and gratefully acknowledge it all from the protection and merciful dispensations of Divine Providence.

Since your last adjournment, Alexander McLeod, a British subject, was arrested in the state of New York, on American citizens, and whose case has been the subject of a correspondence heretofore communicated to you, has been acquitted by the verdict of an impartial and intelligent jury, and has, under the order of the Court, been regularly discharged.

Great diligence having made known to this Government that the expedition which was fitted out from Canada for the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, in the winter of 1837, and which resulted in the destruction of that boat, and in the death of an American citizen, was undertaken by orders emanating from the authorities of the British Government, and was not disavowed until the *fact* was known to the Government, on the ground that, if engaged in that expedition, he did but fulfill the orders of his superiors, and that he had been answered in the only way in which the could be answered by a Government, the power of which, and the control of which, over its own citizens, is the first attribute of sovereignty, and the highest duty of a Government to maintain and enforce, I felt myself constrained to direct the Attorney General of the United States to proceed to the State of New York, and there to enter a *nolle prosequi* upon the indictment found against him by a grand jury of that State.

The correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Minister of Great Britain, on this occasion, will be communicated to Congress.

Since your last adjournment, Alexander McLeod, a British subject, was arrested in the state of New York, on a charge of murder and arson, alleged to have been committed by him in the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, in the winter of 1837, and which resulted in the destruction of that boat, and in the death of an American citizen who was in her employment. He was arrested by the authorities of the State of New York, and committed to prison to take his trial at the next Circuit Court in and for the county of Niagara, in that State. The attention of this Government was immediately directed to the case, and it was made the duty of the Attorney General of the United States to proceed to the county of Niagara, and there to attend to the case in behalf of the United States, with a view to see that the rights of the United States, which were involved in the defence set up by McLeod, were properly protected and maintained. The correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Minister of Great Britain, on this occasion, will be communicated to you.

It appeared to me to be a case in which the general government could not only properly, but ought to, assume the defence, inasmuch as the act for which the prisoner was indicted, if committed at all, was committed under the sanction of the British authorities, and in the line of his military duty, and as the government could not but feel a deep interest in protecting from conviction and punishment any one of her citizens who, in discharging a supposed duty to his country, had violated the municipal laws of another state. The facts of the case, as they appeared on the trial, and as they were brought to the knowledge of the Executive, will be found fully detailed in the correspondence which has been communicated to you. The result of the trial was, that the prisoner was acquitted by the verdict of a jury, to whose impartiality all parties have borne testimony.

I regret that it is not in my power to inform you more fully and satisfactorily than I am in the case of the Creole vessel, with the circumstances connected with and the destruction of which, in December, 1841, by an armed force from on board of that vessel, while lying in a port of Virginia, you are already made acquainted. No such circumstance has ever before attended the peaceful voyages of the United States by the invasion of her territory, as wholly to be unavailable with the principles of the Government, and has yet been made. In the view taken by this Government, the question whether the persons who committed the assault of those who were prosecuting an unauthorized war against that Province, or were engaged in the exercise of the business of transporting passengers to and from Nassau Island in hopes of private pecuniary profit, and probably the case, in no degree alters the real question at issue between the two governments. Whether the prisoners were can consents to any foreign Government the power, except in case of the most urgent and overwhelming necessity, of invading its territory, either to arrest the persons or destroy the property of those who have thus violated the municipal laws of such foreign Government, or have compassed their purposes without violation of the law of nations. The territory of the United States must be regarded as sacred from the violence of armed force, and they shall substantially acknowledge their inability to protect the boundaries of their dominion, if they shall not deny and, in announcing this sentiment, I do but affirm a principle which no nation on earth would be more prompt to vindicate, at all hazards, than the people and Government of these Britons.

If, upon a full investigation of all the facts, it shall appear that the owners of the Caroline were governed by motives which the laws of nations recognize as justifiable, and that the persons who were in the occupancy of New Island, then, so far as he is concerned, there can be no room for blame, and only for the destruction of his boat, which this Government would have been willing to have submitted to, and would have acted not only in derogation of the rights of Great Britain, but in a manner which, however it may be the duty of the Government of the United States, to avoid in a question which, however settled, in no manner involves the honor of the nation, or the violation of international sovereignty and jurisdiction. The occupants of the Caroline were not in the employment of the United States, nor in the employment of any State, nor in the employment of any State, nor in the employment of any State

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

First and Last Love.

First love is a groping
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned
For a late one reaches from cradle to coffin
And a first one from nowhere to nowhere.

And e'en should the second subside,
A lover can ne'er despair.
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the ocean enormously fair.
Then guess time supreme may tell,
Who never were put to the test,
A first love is all very well,
But believe me the last love's the best.

Shaking Money.

Journeying home late one afternoon, in a Armstrong country, we passed an aged man sitting on the wooden, with a rough cabin near it, and about a mile further on we met the Valiant who returned to be the owner of both, walking erect, with his rifle on his shoulder.

"Well, Jonathan, have you been a hunting?"

"No."

"Where, then—down to Warren?"

"Yes."

"We have been you doing—shooting at a mark?"

"I guess we were!"—and this he said with a peculiar look of self-gratification, reckoned apparent by his manner.

"Well, how did you come out; did you win?"

"I guess we did—in the time of coal sixty-two-and-a-half!"—and here he tapped with his forefinger on his waistcoat pocket, as much as to say—"My share is there to show."

"But, how many were there of you?"

"Four—four of 'em, and my Jonathan kept feeling his money, proud, at the moment, as a sweetheart.

When we wound up, we found that we had just sixty-two-and-a-half to divide among the four of us.

To be sure, he had spent the whole day, and shot with his own powder and ball; but he had fifteen cents of his companion's money to make it even, and to think of over his naval the next day.

And then we rode on, and thought of the Eclipse, the Henry, the Ruton, the Gray Eagle and Black Maria, and their owners, and the stakes—stakes these had ventured and won; and finally, indeed, concluded to agree with the poet that, to make him happy

"Man wants but little here below."

Liver Mix.

Liver Mix.—It takes little men to set the world on fire, and pistols of little bore will kill. Show me a big fellow, and ten to one I'll show you a big body; but introduce me to a small sinewy, wiry chap between four feet nothing and five feet four in his boots—and I'll recommend to you to face a fellow that knows what's what, and who has plenty of brass in his head, if he hasn't got much to boast of in the matter of bone in his carcass.

As a general rule the cause of the difference in size of the human family is the "some one's meat go into their bodies—and consequently, the same for the opposite direction—hence the larger the mental developments—and vice versa.

Shrimps and His Dog.

Shrimps and His Dog.—There was an excellent joke, first adopted by Shrimps, of getting rid of extremely restless; but then his visitors were cautious. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer, "not at home," and of course they would not go away. "He was shut up in the room, and another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a total accumulation, and at that hour, the master of the house would say, "James, are all the doors shut?" "All shut, sir." "Very well, then open the street-door softly;" and Shrimps walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

Epigram

Out it was pleasant, but very ugly lady,
While in the dark on my bed I lay,
And heard the trumping steps in the upstairs,
What—other fellows, who supper I entered?
But when the candle entered—I was cured.

Yankee.

Yankee.—In an Arkansas paper we find the following:—"Well, stranger, where are you out in?" said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest. "Why, Madam, I am from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Newburyport, Massachusetts," said the gentleman. "Ain't that what the Yankees live in?" said the lady to a certain Mahan," replied the gentleman. "Law me! you are the very ones I have been looking after this long time; my clock is out of fix," ejaculated the lady at yet.

Power of Imagination.

Power of Imagination.—An honest Hibernian being observed with a piece of bread in each hand, one of which was smaller than the other, and from which he alternately cut a bit, was asked the meaning of such an unnecessary proceeding. "Faith," said he, "I've heard so much about the power of imagination, that I am trying to believe this little bit to be meat, while the largest remains as bread, but for the soul of me, I cannot bring my mind to distinguish the difference."

Epitaph on a Duck.

Our duck and ducky night there came
Some six or seven inches
Who waxed on us in lawful game
And made of one a mess.

Jonathan's Definition.—Well, what are you looking at, old fellow?" said Jack to Jonathan, on a point of Fanny Le Noyelle. He had risen from one of the forward seats of the pit, and was looking straight up at the unequaled array of beauty in the house. "I am," said he, "I am, you fellow!" "By gosh," said Jonathan, "I never knowed what made you call theater upper seats in the meeting-houses and about, gal-eries alive."

A Subtle—A gas-consuming foreigner was counting one day that he had therefore saw the whole Americas continent, and had seen all the great sons of our country.

"Have you seen the ladies?" interrogated a shrewd Yankee to either.

"Parbleu, sare he, "I must surely have seen them, seeing I must with them have dined."

Sessions.—During a trial for assault and battery in one of the courts in Maryland, the prosecutor in the case being cross-examination, was interrogated by the Judge as to what he was doing when the defendant struck him. "Why, I was taking a hunk of gingerbread," replied he. "Well," continued the Judge, "what did you do, when he did strike you?" "I went on eating my gingerbread, as before."

A Liberal Lesson.—Dr. Barnes says that when he was a boy, his venerable teacher gave him a lesson which made a deep impression, and by which he endeavoured to profit: "Never go so fast as to make people think you know something that you did not know in the morning."

Sanction.—Keep it before the people, as the best and most effective means for the cure of the prevailing evil.

"What's filling off was there," as the poet said of the waiters of the Mayor.

Very Strange Indeed.—A fully aged man took a seat in the British Museum, asked the person in charge if anything had a skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative, "Dear, dear!" said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

The Mighty Falsey.—An eloquent and sensational lecturer declared that it literally lasts men for support, lifted up his voice and cried, "How are the mighty fallen!" when one of his feet replied "Lengthen us in the gutter."

Shooting Alone.—No shooting allowed here, and the captain of a steamboat to one of the passengers, an Irishman, who was pulling away at a long shooting-stick, "and surely," answered Pat, "I'm not shooting stand."

Long, but Finished.—"That's what I call a finished story," remarked a man to he who came out of church. "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

A Cute One.—A postmaster out West, not being sure of the spelling of Egypt, sends all his money for missions to the Postmaster General, with directions to send him "send back what he thinks fit."

Odd Fellows.—Of a physician offered near the monument of the king's mother at Paris, the inscription—"For the preservation of the anatomic people are forbidden to make any thing to us."

Good Answer.—A literary friend of one's mentioning that he was about to publish the "Memoirs of a Dead Journalist," the answer was, "I know it my good fellow, for you are connected."

Be gentle, and Oh, mother's a her has clung me" is a beautiful gate she came through a the garden. "Mother mine, child," replied the mother, "I am mother dear child."

Back an Breach.—The reason why most people think more of their character than they do of their money is because their character are the object of the two.

Copyrighting Puns.—A friend my good home in New York is said to flourish under the title of "*Artichoke & Harrow.*" The latter, of course pertains to the establishment largely.

Hard Cider.—A man up notes has got cider so hard that he spoils wood with it.

From the Ladies' Companion, for November.

Marriage.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMMET.

Bachelor.—Nay, nay, all marriages are made in Heaven.

Benedict.—Trust me, not so—if some descend from here

Many spring up from earth; and, sooth to say,
Not few are gathered in the nuptial widow
Where Pluto holds his court.

Bachelor.—Then you are free!

Benedict.—Right easily: three powers are there which

Mankind to name themselves in wedlock's bands.
When First Love kindles in the heart a flame
Heaven smiles upon the vow; while Earth puts forth
For Autumn its fading, fragile flowers;
But Hell itself sends forth its pitchy flames
When Pluto leads its unwilling court. *Old Play.*

"Look what a magnificent present I have just received, Cousin Clara, and tell me if Mr. Walmsley is not a most generous lover." Such was the exclamation with which Eveline Harris entered the apartment of her cousin. Clara quietly passed her eyes from her needlework, and taking the richly enclosed box which was proffered to her view, replied: "It is really very pretty—a work box I suppose."

"A work box, indeed" exclaimed Eveline, "no, no, the most pure—studded as you may think it, is scarcely worthy its contents!" As she spoke, she touched a spring and displayed a splendid set of diamonds which had been for years the pride of her cousin.

"Have you ever see such splendid diamonds?" cried Eveline.

"I've surely do not intend to accept them, Eveline" exclaimed Clara.

"Not accept!" only look at that exquisite taste of the setting," and with these words, the gay girl drew from the box a pair of bracelets, which she carelessly twisted in her long curls as she turned to the mirror to observe their effect.

"Take care what you do, Eveline," said Clara gravely; "you may pay too high a price for these costly jewels."

"What do you mean, cousin?"

"I do not positively intend to accept them, cousin not with propriety accept as valuable a gift, unless my mind also accept the hand of the donor, and surely in that case you would lay them at the cost of happiness."

"Really you are very complimentary, Clara; it seems to me, you doubt Mr. Walmsley's wealth, and fortune, are not such very despicable ingredients in the scale of love."

"Listen to me without displeasure, Eveline; you are gifted with talent and beauty, education has improved the faculties of your mind, and society has added elegance of manner to your natural charms. Mr. Walmsley is a man of wealth and fortune has been to him a most laggard step-father—he is also a man of talent, but his education has an exceedingly weak mind. Even his better qualities, his generosity, his liberality, his extreme good temper makes him the butt of his associates, while his positive opinions on subjects in the continual importations of the knaves and designing men who have many virtues to deceive contempt, and too many weaknesses to command respect."

"Why, Clara, you are severe—but Master Simeon Walmsley is all that you have depicted; and yet, methinks his personality, and his imbecility, Eveline Harris is the lady of his choice. Then dear, the affair was all settled last evening,—he swore my turquoise ring, and I suppose these diamonds are to be considered as his "truth-pledge."

"Eveline, you are jesting."

"I am speaking the words of sober truth, cousin."

"Can it be possible that the pure genial nature of Eveline Harris has become so changed with the world, to prostitute the affections of her self herself for dazzles like those?" exclaimed Clara, vehemently. "I have seen the time when you would have spurned such an insult."

"I know all you would say, Clara; you think I am ensnared—if Walmsley is wealth, and you are right; but my natures are not so selfish as you suppose. I have given my father's high-toned feelings, and the difficulty when he has laid in sustaining such an appearance in society, as has actually his family pride. That difficulty increases every day, and we must escape from our embarrassment, or we must find some new method of resistance to the pressure of necessity. I am but two and twenty, and three younger sisters yet remain to be provided for, so that I have no other hope than to make a wealthy marriage. Papa has never urged me to marry, but he has laid his eye upon Mr. Walmsley ever since